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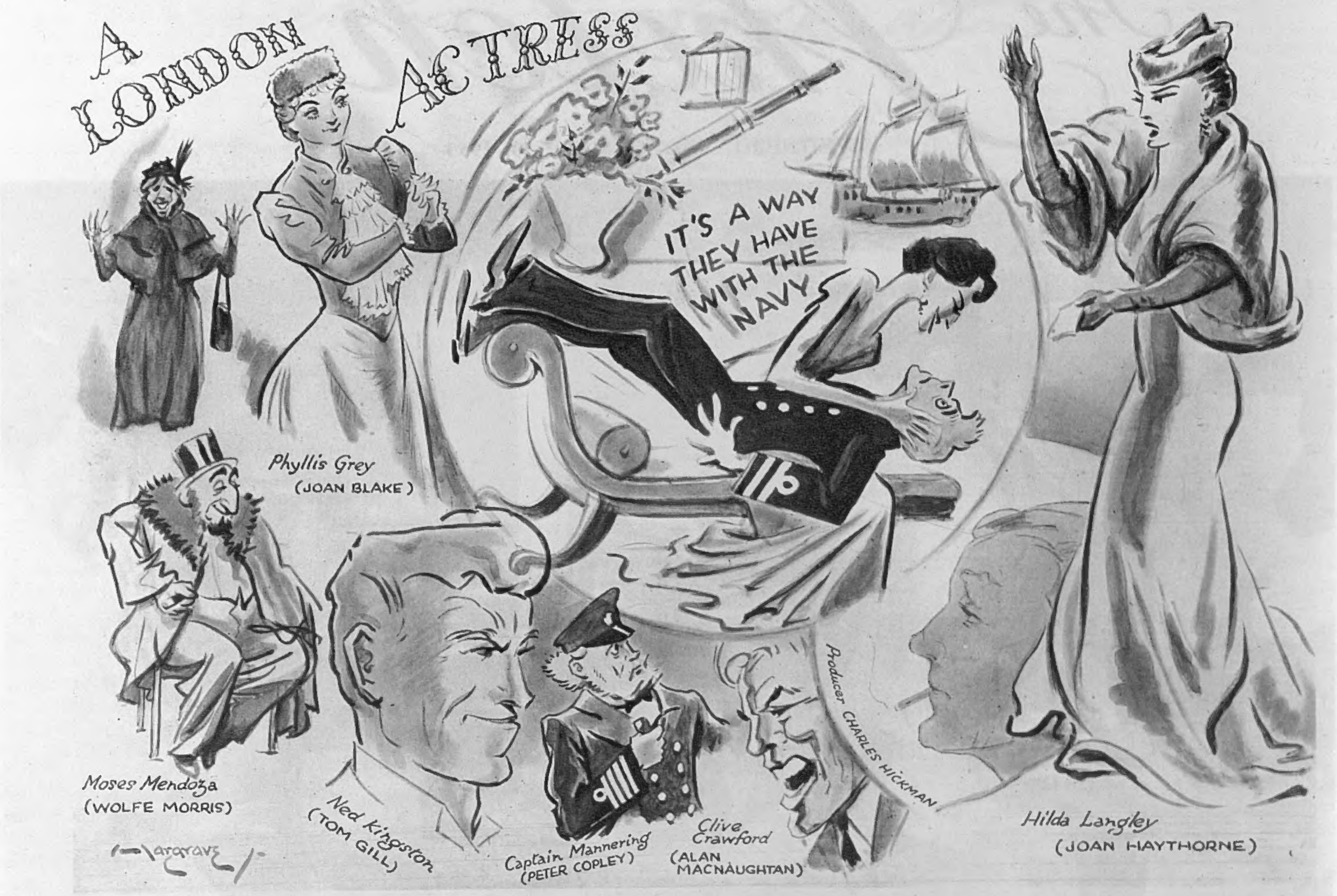
BRITANNIA & EVE

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1953

LADIES OF THE CIRCUS

Just for a moment it 's peaceful behind the scenes at the circus—a ribbon to be knotted, a dress to be hooked up, a last-minute attention to make-up before they hear the music that announces their cue. In this fine photographic study, C. A. Yarrington has captured to perfection that feeling of quiet before the storm of loud music, bright lights, sparkling colours, sawdust and spangles, and the rapture and cheers of the crowd.



"*Avoid lewd women, false as they be fair !*"—George Barnwell's last words rang down the centuries and found a home in the bosom of Emma Litchfield, who ran a provincial touring company at the beginning of this century, and wrote her own plays, so as to be sure of a good thumping part as a villainess. The Arts Theatre Club, whose production of *A London Actress* runs until January 7th, preserves for posterity this highly-coloured story of murder and matrimony ; the Army and the Navy furnish the heroes, the Stage—as always, hurrah !—the heroine. (Artist Hargrave did the sketches.)

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

IT was pleasant recently to go to one of Baron Von Wimmer's parties at the Embassy in Belgrave Square. The Austrian Ambassador fully maintains the tradition of elegant hospitality which Sir George Franckenstein established in pre-Anschluss days. Indeed, the Embassy, in spite of the fact that it was badly damaged by a bomb during the war, seems to have altered very little since pre-war days, when Baron Franckenstein's musical parties were some of the more notable events in the diplomatic calendar.

What a superb diplomat Franckenstein was ! I shall always remember a little lunch-party given by a distinguished Briton, who was known to be in close contact with the Arch-Duke Otto, the claimant to the crowns of Austria and Hungary. This was during the Dollfuss *régime*, when there was a distinct chance of the Arch-Duke's restoration—a chance which was blocked by the Czechs, who refused to recognise what I believe to have been the only alternatives in Central Europe : the Hapsburgs in Vienna, or the Prussians in Prague.

Baron Franckenstein discreetly questioned our host on the subject of the Arch-Duke. With superb delicacy, he pointed out that he was, of course, a loyal servant of the Federal Republic, but that, nevertheless, he *had* spent the greater part of his life as a subject of the Hapsburgs, and *should* his Majesty happily happen to be restored, he might conceivably find that he had a most loyal supporter at the Court of St. James's. This was a lesson in the old diplomacy at its best.

A *revenant*—and a welcome one—from the pre-war world was Baron Karl Theodor Von Blaas, whose distinguished portraits were internationally famous before the war. He told me that he was spending a few weeks in Britain, picking up the threads of former friendships and painting a number of portraits. Two of these were on view at the Embassy, and attracted a considerable amount of attention.

DAVID GAMMANS, the Assistant Postmaster-General, who has had to bear the chief burden for the Government of the two-day debate on commercial television in the Commons, was telling me the other day that on one occasion he invited the actor who plays the part of Dr. Dale to open a bazaar for him in his constituency. In a moment of thoughtless frivolity, he said, in introducing " Dr. Dale," that he hoped that he would find the time and the opportunity to slip a little arsenic into the tea of his revolting mother-in-law. Since he became a Member of Parliament, empires and proud cities have been reduced to the dust, vast cataclysms have shaken the nations, the air has been black with brooding portents of evil, but none of these things added together ever brought him so heavy a correspondence, or caused him to be so overwhelmed with protest and vituperation.

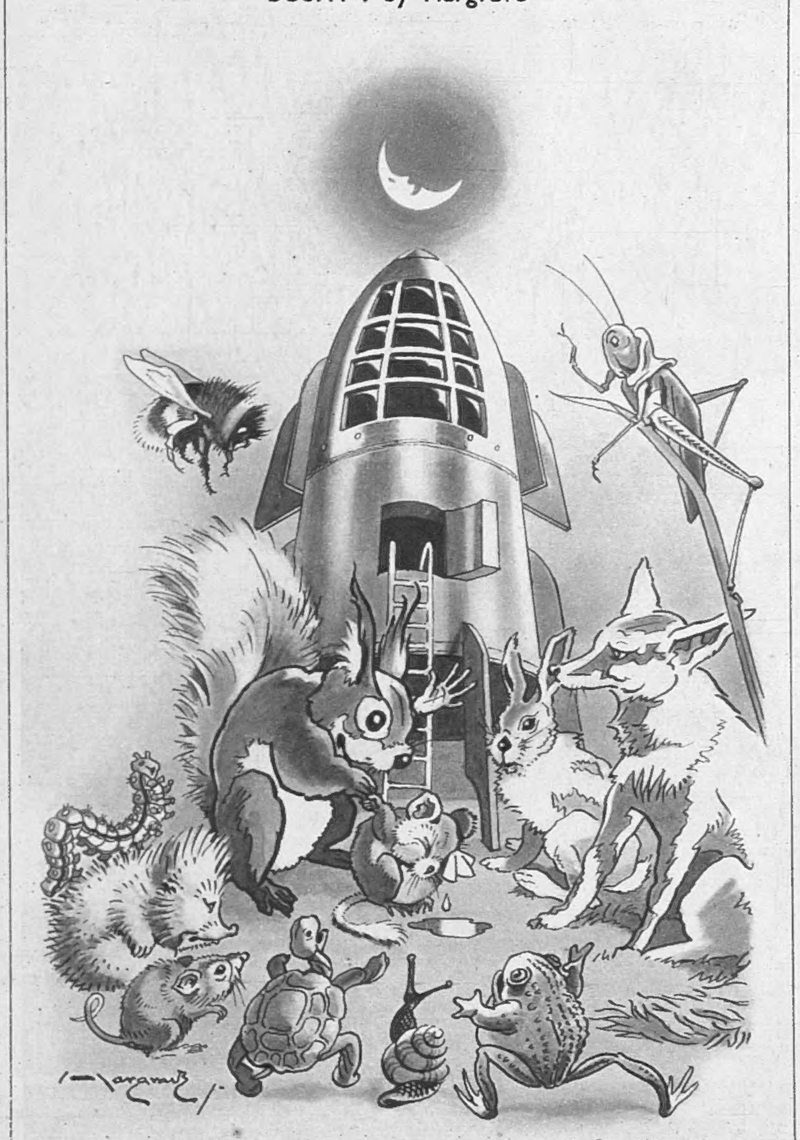
He was mentioning his unhappy experience to " Dr. Dale " at a later period, who comforted him by telling him of the occasion when the script-writers " lost " Mrs. Dale's cat for her. The

front hall of the B.B.C. was filled the following day with earnest citizens carrying more or less disgruntled cats, which they were sure belonged to Mrs. Dale. The palm, however, went to the lady who produced a particularly malignant and savage tom, who, she was quite positive, was Mrs. Dale's missing pet, for she "had picked it up on the Portsmouth Road, and when we pressed his ear to the loudspeaker when Mrs. Dale was talking, he meowed." I bet he did! Cats are the last creatures in the world to appreciate having liberties taken with them, and I can just see this infuriated tom, snatched from home, kindred and, no doubt, a full and ample love life, carried up to London, and having his ear thrust against what he obviously regarded as an infernal machine.

I SEE that Lord Salter, making one of his first speeches in the House of Lords since he ceased to be Sir Arthur Salter, amused their lordships by saying, at one point in his speech, "My dear" instead of "My Lords." It reminds me of the witness in the High Court, who was being cross-examined by F. E. Smith or one of the more hectoring counsel. As the barrage of "Did you, or did you nots?" and "When preciselys?" descended on him, he was observed to close his eyes, and was heard to mutter patiently, "Yes, dear," "No, dear," "Just as you say, dear."

A similar story is told of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. It was the King's habit to spend domestic evenings over the fire, at which he made no great efforts to entertain her Majesty, but used regularly to fall fast asleep. Every now and then, however, he would wake up, glance benignly across the room, exclaiming: "Exactly so, Ma'am, exactly so," and then relapse once more into his slumbers. But then the Hanoverians were given to these ejaculations. One of William IV.'s brothers, the Duke of Sussex, used to respond genially to the parson's exhortation "Let us pray," with "By all means, by all means," and when, in the Commandments, they came to "Thou shalt do no murder," his extremely audible comment was, "I don't. I leave that to my brother Cumberland."

BUSHY : by Hargrave



"GOOD-BYE, CHAPS, IN CASE I DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN."

THE pre-Christmas visit to Lingfield Park of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret gave pleasure to none more than the community of nuns who run a convent school directly facing the paddock at Surrey's most picturesque race-course. Normally, on race days, the curtains of this very attractive early eighteenth-century house are firmly closed. Not a pupil or sister is in sight. But this time the upstairs windows on one side were alive with excited girls. On the other side sat the Mother Superior at a central window, surrounded by a dozen or more members of the community, watching the Queen Mother and her daughter coming into the paddock for a pre-race look at *M'as-tu-vu*, the Royal steeplechaser which some people—including his trainer Peter Cazalet—consider quite good enough to have a front-rank chance in the National.

When the Royal ladies paid the second visit to the paddock to admire Dorothy Paget's young champion, *Mont Tremblant*, was I mistaken in thinking that I saw a pair of field-glasses circulating among the animated group of sisters, and focussing upon the Queen Mother?

HAVING so recently been on the maiden voyage of one ship, it was with more than usual interest that I went to the party given by Johnny Churchill, the Prime Minister's nephew, to have a pre-view of his designs for the new P. & O. liner, S.S. *Arcadia*. I found the murals as attractive as I have always found Johnny's work, since we were Oxford contemporaries. He was artistically fully mature then, as was another contemporary, the inimitable Osbert Lancaster; Osbert was drawing as mordantly for the *Cherwell* every week as he now does daily for the *Express*.

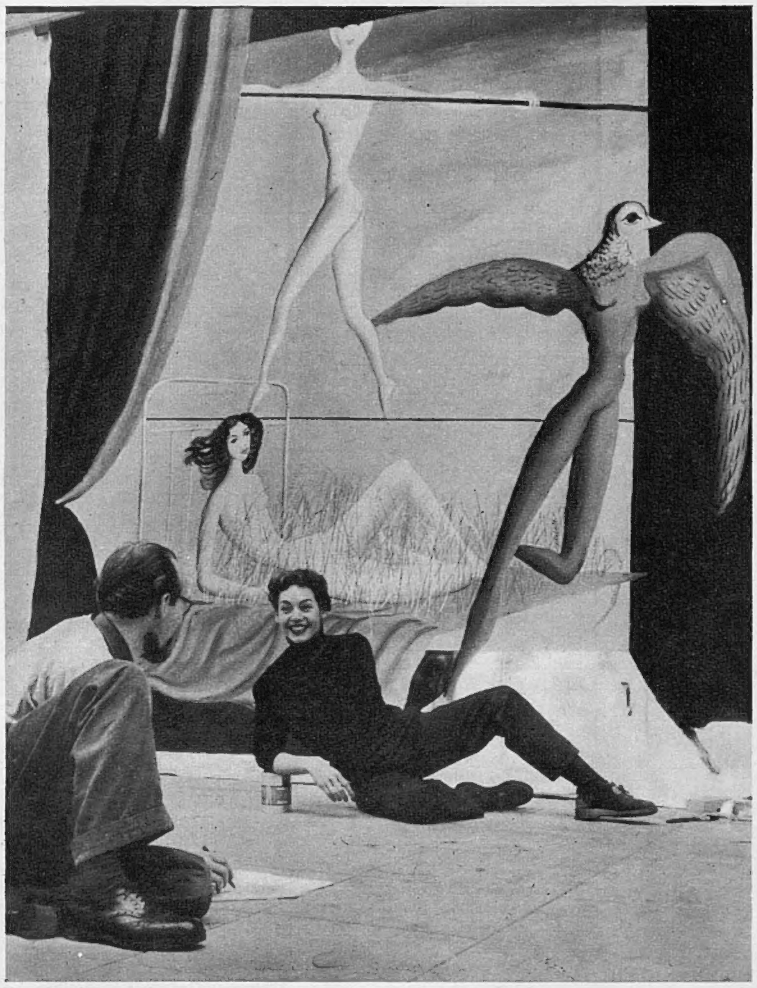
It is curious, too, how little people change—except perhaps in shape. Those who are impressed by the assured Front Bench manner of John Boyd-Carpenter, for example, might think this the production of experience and maturity. He was, however, mentally in the Cabinet as a schoolboy.

Yet another contemporary who has apparently changed in no degree, and whom I was delighted to see in London recently, was Dosoo Karaka, who was here in connection with his new book on Pandit Nehru. He was the first Indian to become President of the Oxford Union, and, as I remember to my cost in the days when he was the most pertinacious questioner, is no respecter of persons; the newspaper which he runs in India is a perpetual thorn in the side of the Indian Government. Ministers tend to become resentful when their private instructions to the Inland Revenue authorities not to pursue enquiries about the tax affairs of rich industrialists appear in photostatic form in the public Press. There have been many attempts to muzzle Dosoo, but none of them so far has proved successful.

I VISITED a family of wine merchants the other night to have a drink and to inspect their new sherry bottles. Apparently, they had asked Mr. Milner Gray to design a bottle of distinctive shape, but adapted to modern mass production methods. Milner-Gray pointed out to them that they could hardly improve on designs which were in use a hundred or more years ago. I am glad, from the point of view of the drinkers, that they have not gone still further back to those attractive eighteenth-century bottles, in which the "dimple" was as large as my fist. This is one of the reasons why our ancestors could claim to be "three-bottle" men. Another was the fact that the port which they drank in those days was nothing like the heavily fortified wines of to-day, being very little stronger than a heavy burgundy. The third reason was that in most instances they went to and from these carouses on horseback—which must have done something to preserve their livers at least!

AN Irish pen-friend visiting London has added to my store of shaggy dog stories. On one of those long, slow, delightfully unpredictable railway journeys across Ireland, the train stopped at a wayside station. A cheerful-faced Irishman leapt out of a carriage and ran along the platform shouting urgently, "Is there a priest on the train?" There was one, of course, whose head popped out of the window, and who exclaimed anxiously: "Yes, yes, what can I do for you?" To which his compatriot replied: "Hello there, Father. I wonder would you lend me your corkscrew?"

This is, of course, a Hibernicised version of the old shaggy dog story of the theatrical performance, which was interrupted by a man in the stalls, who rose to his feet and cried, "Is there a doctor in the house?" The play was interrupted, and a gentleman in the dress circle stood up and said: "Yes, I am a doctor." Whereupon the man in the stalls waved to him and said: "How do, Doc! How do you like the play?"



Hanns Hubmann, Germany.

André de Dienes, U.S.A.

Boris Dobro, U.S.A.

S. Enkelmann, Germany.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR

These studies are taken from the *Photography Year Book*, 1954 (Press Centre, Ltd., 21s.). The pictures used are selected from nearly 10,000 prints from all parts of the world.

S. Enkelmann, Germany.

On Celebrating Hogmanay

ALL over the world to-morrow, people will clasp hands as the clock strikes midnight and sing whatever they believe to be the correct version of the traditional New Year song:

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a rich guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

But it is in Scotland that the New Year really comes into its own. While the English take the turn of the year in their stride and bring zest and jollification to the celebration of Christmas, the spirit of John Knox is in the ascendant north of the Tweed on the 25th, and it is only on the 31st that Scotsmen seem suddenly to be reminded that the gay, life-loving Mary, Queen of Scots, is every bit as much a part of their history as that venerated churchman.

At New Year, the most douce of Scots folk forget their funereal blacks and remember that the Lowlanders' tweed and the Islanders' homespuns and the Highlanders' tartans are the only bright clothes habitually worn by men in Europe. They become fiercely aware that they have a tradition of country dancing second to none; that the wine of their country is a fine mid-winter drink for a man—and if their cooking is no better than that of most Anglo-Saxon countries, the Land o' Cakes will give any one a start and a beating at baking!

This fierce national pride is never far below the surface in Scotland, where the territorial or clan influence is still remarkably strong. (Urquharts and Grants have been known to make the long journey to Inverness to join the Seaforths, in time of war.) Nevertheless, the non-Scottish spectator of Hogmanay is always in a state of surprise, for there is something more than a little odd about the level-headed citizenry of such highly-civilised cities as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Inverness standing in the streets at midnight to drink a toast to the sun. But that is exactly what does happen. The essence of the Hogmanay celebration is the absence of officialism. It is a pagan custom connected with the winter solstice—the festival of the sun rising again after the shortest day: something carried over from the time when people worshipped the sun and the earth.

Tradition dies hard in Scotland.

On the morning of December 31st, children still go from door to door singing, "Hogmanay, Trollolay, Gie's o' your white bread and nane o' your grey." The children are always given a slice of cake which has become traditionally known as Hogmanay cake.

In the evening, the focal point of interest in Edinburgh is the Tron Church. Nobody knows quite how The Tron came to be the public rendezvous of thousands, who gather on the street outside it, quite drowning the organ music from within with their shouting and laughter and the occasional wail of the pipes. Perhaps the answer is the simple one that the steeple of The Tron is equipped with four large clocks. For Edinburgh, the church is certainly not old. It was built in 1647 and there seems nothing more exciting concerned with its history than the collapse of the steeple during the great fire that swept away a large part of High Street in 1824.

When the hands on the clocks touch midnight, pandemonium breaks out. Bottles and streamers and bits of personal attire are flung into the air, people are kissing, shouting, laughing, breaking into Scottish dancing. And then, miraculously, a few seconds later the tumult and the shouting die down and the crowd disperses.

Most of them will be going first-footing. Traditionally, if the first visitor is a dark man, the house will be blessed with good luck, but whoever arrives in a Scottish household after midnight on New Year's Eve will be assured of an unbeatably warm welcome and will be required to break Hogmanay cake and drink a glass of Het Pint with his hosts. Het Pint used to be carried through the streets of Edinburgh in a kettle, but the price of whisky has brought about a few changes in Scottish drinking habits. However, if you have a wish to sample this Highland nectar, here is the recipe for it, according to Mistress Meg Dods of Edinburgh:

Grate a nutmeg into two quarts of mild ale and bring it to the point of boiling. Mix a little cold ale, with sugar necessary to sweeten this and three eggs well beaten. Gradually mix the hot ale with the eggs, taking care that they do not curdle. Put in a half-pint of whisky and bring once more nearly to the boil and then briskly pour it from one vessel into another until it becomes smooth and light.

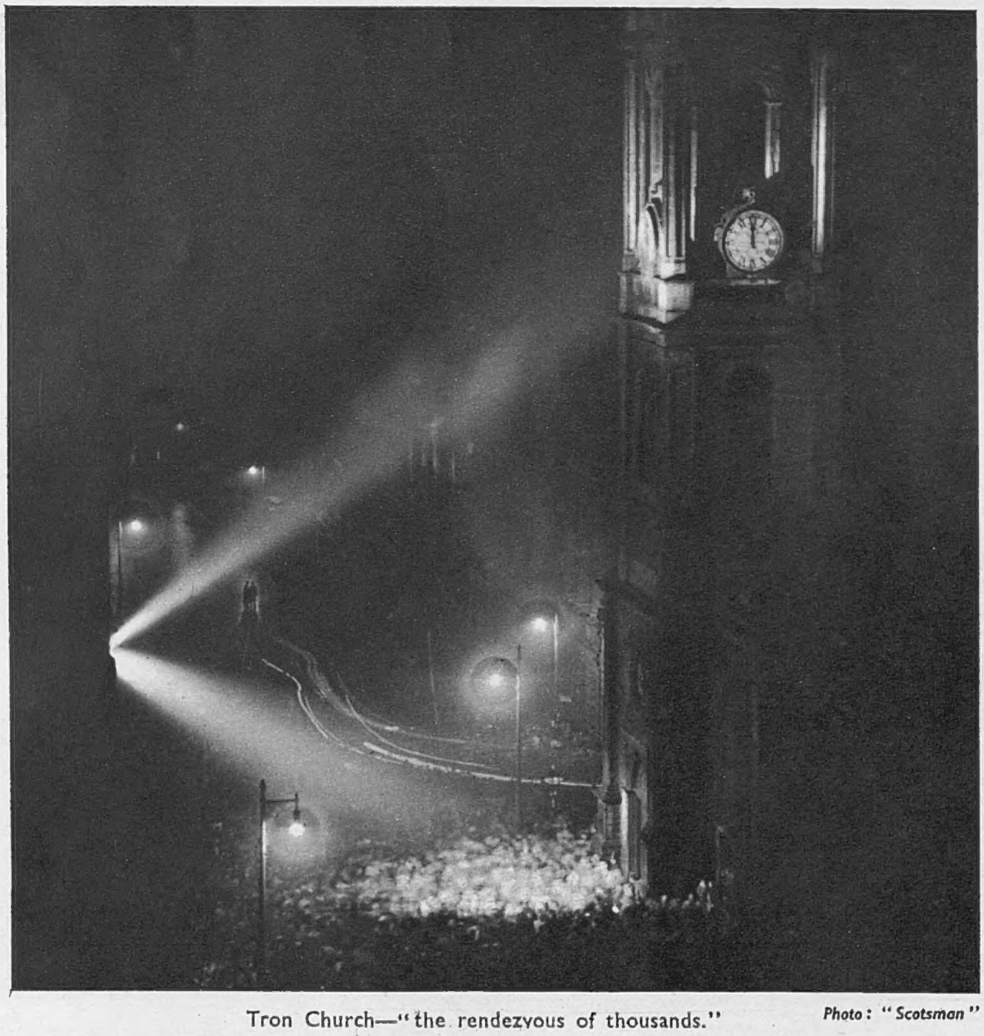
But don't place too innocent a trust in that "smooth and light"!

"GENTLEMEN—
THE TARTAN"

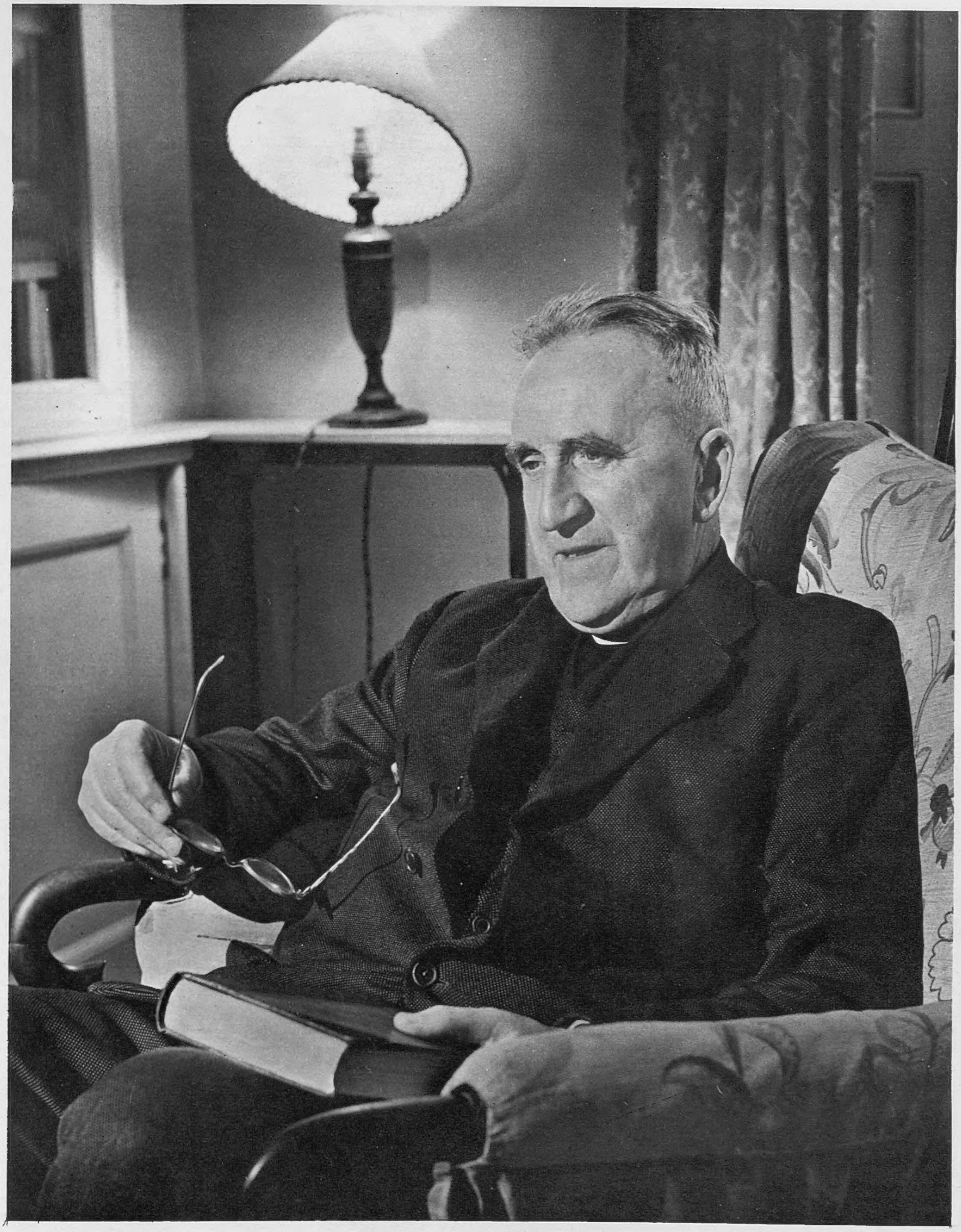
Here's to it!
The fighting sheen of it,
The yellow, the green of it,
The white, the blue of it,
The swing, the hue of it,
The dark, the red of it,
Every thread of it!

The fair have sighed for it,
The brave have died for it,
Foemen sought for it,
Heroes fought for it,
Honour the name of it—
Drink to the fame of it—
The tartan!

MURDOCH MACLEAN.



Tron Church—"the rendezvous of thousands." Photo: "Scotsman"



Personality Parade—14

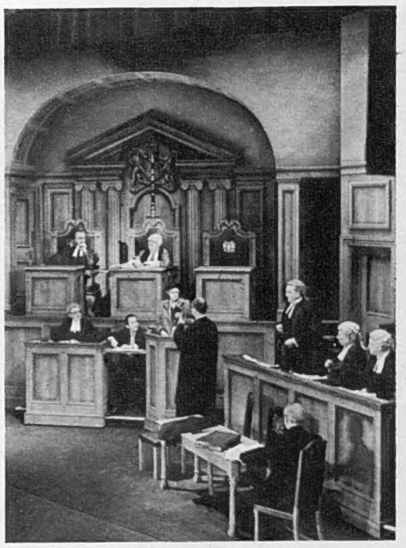
THE REVEREND ANDREW YOUNG

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

"The world was Wesley's parish; England is mine," says Andrew Young, poet and vicar of the little Sussex parish cf Stonegate, who this year, at sixty-eight, was awarded the Queen's Prize for Poetry, an honour not often bestowed. "I could not understand foreign scenery as I feel I can understand an English wood or a Scottish mountain." The very titles of his books speak of his interests: the collections of verses called *Winter Harvest*, *Speak to the Earth*, and *The Green Man*, and the long essay, *A Prospect of Flowers*.

Canon Young works slowly, revising often. He is at present writing a long poem, *Into Hades*, on which he has already spent four years, and expects to spend two more His *Collected Poems* were published in 1950 by Messrs. Jonathan Cape at 10s. 6d.

" Welcome, Queen Margaret ! " Margaret of Anjou (Rosalind Boxall) with King Henry (Jack May). *King Henry the Sixth: Part Two*, staged by the Birmingham Repertory Company at the Old Vic.



A witness takes the oath during the hearing of a murder charge in Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* (Winter Garden). Percy Marmont is the Judge and D. A. Clarke-Smith, the prosecuting counsel.

" I have a wife, bear this in safety to her." The Scaffold Scene at the end of Otway's *Venice Preserv'd* (Lyric, Hammersmith), with Paul Scofield as Pierre and Sir John Gielgud as Jaffeir.

Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince* (Phœnix). Vivien Leigh, Jeremy Spenser and Sir Laurence Olivier.

A scene from T. S. Eliot's controversial comedy, *The Confidential Clerk* (Lyric). Peter Jones, Isabel Jeans, Margaret Leighton and Denholm Elliott.

Stage Occasions, 1953.

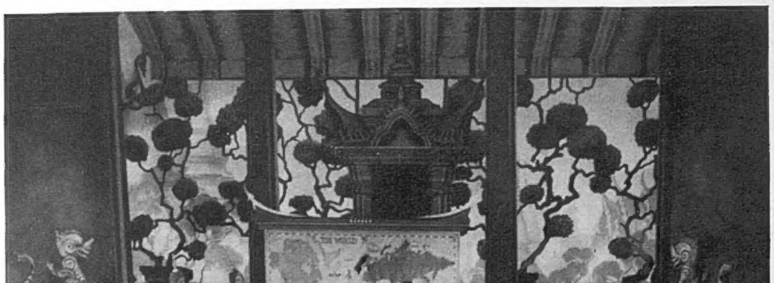
EVERY resolute playgoer keeps—or should keep—a record of stage occasions. Here are entries for 1953, all from the London stage; Stratford-upon-Avon needs a diary of its own (and its productions have been well illustrated in *The Sketch*).

Classics first. We have two Shakespeare plays and one collectors' piece, Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*: this was the Restoration tragedy directed with so much imagination by Peter Brook, and acted by Paul Scofield and John Gielgud as the conspirators against the Venetian state. The Shakespeare choices are *Henry the Eighth* (Old Vic), inevitable for a Royal occasion, and the second part of *Henry the Sixth*. With the complete trilogy, Sir Barry Jackson, whose Birmingham cast came to the Vic, cheerfully proved the dons to be wrong. The plays of Shakespeare were written, first of all, to be acted, not mulled over in the study. *Henry the Sixth* came to urgent life.

There is one Shaw in the list: yet again *Pygmalion*, a far better revival (under John Clements) than we usually have. Kay Hammond enjoys Eliza's majestic progress at Mrs. Higgins' tea-party. The best play by a living dramatist, and certainly the event of the year, is Wynyard Browne's *A Question of Fact*, reviewed on another page (again Paul Scofield's name appears). Any new work by T. S. Eliot must be an " occasion," and *The Confidential Clerk* can come in under that head, though I found it tedious. There is nothing tedious in either *A Day by the Sea*, N. C. Hunter's wistful pastiche-comedy with its planetary cast (Dame Sybil Thorndike at the crest of her form), or Terence Rattigan's *The Sleeping Prince* (with the Oliviers), which should not be under-valued because it is a self-confessed frivol. It was written to amuse, and it does.

Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution* is a puzzle-play that thrusts surprise on surprise. *The King and I* (Siam in the 1860's) and *Guys and Dolls* (modern New York) are the most likeable " musicals "; and *Airs on a Shoestring*, witty mosaic at the Royal Court, is the happiest revue. And we must not forget . . . but we must: the space is filled.

J. C. T.



The geography lesson in *The King and I*, the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical play at Drury Lane. Valerie Hobson (as a governess, Anna Leonowens) is explaining the map to Royal wives and children of the King of Siam.

N. C. Hunter's *A Day by the Sea* (Haymarket). Irene Worth, Peter Murphy, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Patricia Laurence, Frederick Piper, Megs Jenkins, Sir John Gielgud, Lockwood West and Sir Lewis Casson.

The year's most successful revue, *Airs on a Shoestring* (Royal Court). We see what could happen in sponsored television if a watch company decided to present the Battlements Scenes from *Hamlet*.

The first scene from John Clements' revival of Shaw's *Pygmalion* (St. James's). Higgins (John Clements) displays his knowledge of phonetics to the astonished crowd. Eliza Doolittle (Kay Hammond) is especially alarmed.

King Henry (Paul Rogers) holds the infant Princess Elizabeth at her christening : the last scene of the Old Vic's Coronation revival of *King Henry the Eighth*, directed by Tyrone Guthrie.

Sky Masterson (Jerry Wayne) knocks out Big Jule (Lew Herbert) during the crap game in the sewer : one of the most vigorous scenes in *Guys and Dolls*, the musical comedy (based on a Damon Runyon story) at the London Coliseum.

Paul Scofield (as the young schoolmaster deeply troubled about his parentage), Pamela Brown (as his wife) and Harold Scott (as another schoolmaster, the gentle Arthur Lamb) in the play of the year, Wynyard Browne's newly-produced *A Question of Fact* (Piccadilly). Right : Gladys Cooper (as Paul's newly-discovered mother) and Paul Scofield in a tense scene from Act II.

Our Bookshelf

THE GO-BETWEEN. By L. P. Hartley. (*Hamish Hamilton ; 11s.*)

THE TWO HEROINES OF PLUMPLINGTON. By Anthony Trollope. (*André Deutsch ; 12s. 6d.*)

PICK OF TO-DAY'S SHORT STORIES. Edited by John Pudney. (*Putnam and Co. Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

AT the end of December one can with a certain confidence choose the Best Novel of 1953 : I would pick Mr. L. P. Hartley's *tour de force*, THE GO-BETWEEN. He uses a device, often fatal to novelists, of letting an elderly, desiccated man find an old diary covering an episode he had forgotten, telling what had happened during one blazing summer of unnatural heat when he was a boy of thirteen ; the very elements combined to quicken Leo's adolescent imagination and send it soaring into fantasy where life was far more strange and splendid than he had known it could be. All was set for magic : the signs of the Zodiac pictured in the new diary given him for his birthday ; the discovery (or so he thought) that he had a curious power to make spells which actually worked ; the queer thrill of a new century starting with his teens ; and his first visit away from home, to his school friend Marcus, who lived in a big country house in surroundings more sumptuous than he had ever encountered before.

When Leo and Marcus talk together they lapse into the senseless vernacular of schoolboys perpetually scoring one over the other ; their dialogue is uncannily true to life—(" *Grown-up conversation always seemed to me a form of showing-off* "). But when we do come to the grown-ups, to the drama played out in triangle between Marion, the beautiful, kind, morally unscrupulous daughter of the house, and her contrasting suitors, Lord Trimmingham and the farmer, Ted Burgess, the author shows a touch of ironic genius in the way he interpolates the elderly man's later understanding of events into the innocent impressions as recorded by the boy bent over his diary.

Leo is due for a shock at the final catastrophe, when he finds out that it is he, employed as go-between for Marion and Ted, their " little postman," loved and privileged, who has unwittingly betrayed the guilty pair. In spite of the tragic climax, however, this is by no means a gloomy tale, for it is written so as to loop us all into the heightened experiences of Leo's last truly happy summer. And in the Epilogue, where, with his curiosity awakened as to what had happened in the half-century of oblivion following his breakdown and swift departure from the house-party, he returns to Brandham and visits Marion grown old, we cannot quarrel with her summing-up : " *There is no spell or curse except an unloving heart.*"

IT may seem a little startling to be able to include a new and authentic novel by Anthony Trollope among " current fiction." Only a few months before he died and sixteen years after he bade a reluctant good-bye to Barsetshire, he indulged a mood of gentle nostalgia by writing another story of his beloved county, intended for the 1882 Christmas number of the Victorian magazine, *Good Words.* Owing to a temporary decline in popularity directly after his death, the tale was barely read, forgotten and never published in book form——

—Until now. Now we can read happily in the first few lines of *The Two Heroines of Plumplington*, how " *all the world may not know that Plumplington is the second town in Barsetshire* " . . . How curious seem the standards of those days. Is there still, anywhere in England, a hopeful father seeing his daughter's future—

> '*bright with the sheen which his money has provided for her . . . married to some gentleman . . . surrounded by a large family of little gentlemen and ladies . . .*'

—as did Mr. Hickory Peppercorn, the prosperous more-than-foreman of the local brewery, and Mr. Greenmantle, the wealthy bank-manager ? Mr. Greenmantle is of the same kidney (If I may " presoom " to say so) as Dickens's Mr. Dombey, but the author has arranged that we may continually laugh at him and his pomposities, especially when he decides to remove Emily from the peril of an ineligible lover, to " *undergo a prolonged residence in foreign parts,*" finding immense satisfaction in declaiming this sonorous phrase at frequent intervals. Mr. Greenmantle putting foreigners in their proper place is as enjoyable as when he performs the same necessary function with regard to the Board of Directors at his Bank.

But there is one person whom Mr. Greenmantle cannot intimidate : the Rector of Plumplington, Dr. Freeborn, the *deus ex machina* of the tale, who displays in all his reactions to snobbery a sound spirit of common sense. Mr. Greenmantle meets with precious little sympathy when he goes to inform Dr. Freeborn of his decision—

> " *What is the matter with Emily that she is to be taken off to some foreign climate for prolonged residence ? . . . Has she got a bad throat or a weak chest ?* "

But this entirely delightful later-than-last chronicle of Barset must be read in full and at leisure to appreciate this scene between Mr. Greenmantle and Dr. Freeborn ; and another scene after Mr. Greenmantle has discovered his prospectively unwelcome son-in-law, Philip Hughes, making love to Emily behind his back. It was obviously high time he took his girl abroad to undergo her prolonged residence in foreign parts ; but Emily was unexpectedly showing spirit :

> ' " *Admitting a young man surreptitiously to my drawing-room !* "
> " *I didn't admit him ; he walked in.*"
> " *And on his knees ! I found him on his knees.*"
> " *I didn't put him there.*" '

If I had to choose my favourite encounter in the book, however, I should feel inclined to settle for Mr. Peppercorn's visit to the bank-manager in the fond hope that the two fathers might have a friendly talk on what was best to be done :

> ' " *You know my daughter Polly, Mr. Greenmantle ?* "
> " *I am aware that there is a Miss Peppercorn,*" *said the other.*
> " *We sit close to you in church . . . and you must have observed her scores of times.*"
> " *I am not in the habit of looking about among young ladies at church time.*" '

Nevertheless, true love in alliance with Dr. Freeborn pulls off a happy Christmas ending, aided by the individual device of each daughter to bring her parent to reason ; who but Trollope could have thought up a *dénouement* of such subtle irony as to make Mr. Greenmantle give up the idea of taking Emily for " *a prolonged residence in foreign parts* " because the despised Hickory Peppercorn—put up to it by wily Dr. Freeborn—has proposed to do exactly the same with Polly ?

There has been a tendency to talk of Trollope as having " come into fashion," with a slightly patronising expectation that the same caprice that brought him in would at any moment take him out again ; but there is no question of ephemeral favour, only of the highest possible deserving on the soundest possible grounds. I cannot help feeling, when Mr. John Hampden remarks, in an otherwise excellent and enlightening preface, that only the ghost of the author's powers remained when he wrote *The Two Heroines of Plumplington*, that this is somewhat underestimating a book where every page is stamped with the peculiar brand of humour, shrewdness and relish of a master storyteller.

AND as though again to celebrate the end of the year, another small treasure has been washed up on the beach. When we learnt with sorrow that Frances Towers, who wrote a strange, enchanting collection of stories called *Tea With Mr. Rochester*, had died on New Year's Day, 1948 (a year before it was published), those of us who responded to her spell never dreamed we were to read a new story of hers on New Year's Day, 1953. *Carillon*, recently discovered in manuscript, is a real little beauty ; and Mr. John Pudney, editing his fourth *Pick of To-day's Short Stories*, undoubtedly knows where to look. When such a variety of tales are assembled, all first-class and all entertaining, one need not be as carefully impartial as parents bound to say they love all their children alike ; so I can boldly declare my four other favourites : *Broken Cellophane*, by Robin Maugham ; *The Prize*, by Phyllis Bottome ; *A Trout for Grandfather*, by Gordon Allen North ; and a mischievous, highly original scrap of nonsense, *A Cheap Line in Cherubs*, by Patricia Sibley ; all five subtly concerned with happiness and character, and the odd ways in which the second may secure the first.

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Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Anton.

"WHICH HAND WILL YOU HAVE?"

CAKE-CUTTING CEREMONY. A charming picture of two of the young bridal attendants anxiously waiting for the former Miss Diana Galway to cut the wedding-cake after her marriage to Mr. David Naylor-Leyland at St. George's, Hanover Square.

SCOTTISH WEDDING. The former Miss Mary Walter wore her grandmother's wedding-dress at her marriage to Lieutenant Bruce Hamilton, Black Watch, which took place in St. Ninian's Cathedral, Perth.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION BALL. The Duchess of Kent honoured the annual ball with her presence, which was held at the Savoy. *Left:* The three daughters of the Earl of Lisburne, Lady Honor Llewellyn, Lady Auriel Vaughan, Lady Gloria Flower, and Mr. Raymond Grumbar. *Centre:* Mr. Denis Mountain, Miss Pat Miesegaes and Mr. A. G. Moon. *Right:* Lord Mancroft and Mrs. Charles Clore.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THIS last diary of the Old Year is my opportunity for wishing all readers good luck and happiness throughout the year to come. The twelve months past were particularly memorable for the Coronation: the return of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from their tour of the Commonwealth will be the most-looked-for event of the coming season. Amongst other aspects of 1953, I think we shall most remember the freak weather; as I write sitting beside an open window, a Christmas of proverbial snow and roaring log fires seems a remote possibility. However, the English climate, like Cleopatra, will no doubt continue to justify its reputation for "infinite variety."

Once again Mr. Billy Wallace is to be congratulated on the unqualified success of the dance he organised to raise funds for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. The absence of any speeches, lucky programmes, etc., added to the gaiety of the evening, though a hoop-la with some tempting bottles proved very popular! I thought the crimson candles on each table gave added glamour to the many beautiful women at the party. By far the loveliest, at least in my opinion, were Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter, who wore a pale lime-green dress with a black velvet sash, Lady Beatty in a short evening dress of pink tulle, and two charming visitors to this country, Mlle. Eliotte Mouret, who came in a white crinoline dress with the Duke of Rutland's party, and Mlle. Dollé-Zarifi, also in white.

I met the latter with Lady Dufferin and Ava's party, which also included Lord and Lady Melchett, Mr. J. Phrantzes, Counsellor to the Greek Embassy, and Lord and Lady Bearsted. Amongst others enjoying the evening were Madame Massigli (whom I saw at a table which included Mrs. John Dewar and Sir Eric Miéville), Lady Elizabeth Clyde looking very pretty and dancing with her husband, Mr. Tommy Clyde, and Lady Jeanne Campbell with Mr. Billy Ropner, who were receiving the congratulations of their friends on their engagement, which had been announced that morning. When I left, the dance had "officially" ended, but the band was being persuaded to play again, and dancing went on for some time afterwards.

I looked in at Hutchinson House, where the Mistletoe Fair was held in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research, and found everyone eagerly awaiting the arrival of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, whose gracious patronage of the Fair was very much appreciated. The previous day the Fair had been opened by H.H. Princess Marie Louise (Madame Rita, who does a great deal for charity, proudly told me that H.H. had consented to have her palm read). Downstairs, preparations were in progress for a children's party, and I met Mrs. Guy Mansell with her young daughter Edwina; and Lady Mancroft, Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Sir Denver and Lady Osborn and Lady Wavell-Wakefield were amongst those who brought parties of children.

Not having been blessed with good circulation, I am apt to avoid racing at this time of the year, but I did go down to Newbury on the Saturday of

NEWMARKET SALES. Lord and Lady Harrington were among those who attended the December Sales at Newmarket—at which very good prices were reached for the export market.

A DEVONSHIRE MEET. Captain Nigel Knight Bruce, Joint-Master of the Silverton Hounds, with his wife at a recent meeting of the Hunt, which took place at Huntslands, near Exeter.

ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL. Miss Layla Wahba, daughter of H.E. the Saudi Arabian Ambassador, at the ball held at the Dorchester in aid of the Anglo-Arabian Association's Refugee Fund.

LONDON WEDDING. A lovely bride was the former Miss Delia Buxton at her marriage to Mr. Robert Keith, which took place at St. Simon Zelote's Church, Lennox Gardens.

the last meeting, and enjoyed the afternoon enormously. The mild weather enabled the women racegoers to wear less enveloping clothes than usual, and the majority looked very neat in tweeds—with one exception: a young lady who appeared in black trousers and, rightly or wrongly, gave the impression that she was a ballerina about to practise at the *barre*. By contrast, Mrs. Peter Cazalet looked enchantingly pretty in an oatmeal coat and emerald-green cap; Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis, very smart in a dark grey suit piped with black braid, and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Samuel attractive and gay in a rose-pink coat. I had the usual difficulty in finding any winners, but I did see our Minister for Food, the Hon. Gwilym Lloyd-George, and his wife patiently standing in the 2s. winning queue of the Tote!

I was sorry that I could only stay for a short while at the cocktail party given recently by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll: added to the pleasure of seeing my charming host and hostess (who both have that wonderful gift of making each individual feel that he or she is the one person they want to see), was that of finding several friends whom I had not met for some time. Amongst these were Lord Devonport and his attractive wife, who gave me news of that part of Sussex where we were at one time neighbours. Other guests at the party included Princess Joan Aly Khan and her brother-in-law, Lord Cadogan, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Williams, Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, and the Hon. Edward and Mrs. Ward.

From there I went on to the Royal Court Theatre to see *Airs on a Shoestring* which, in my opinion, is the best light entertainment that London has been blessed with for some time. Afterwards I went to a restaurant and heard the inimitable "Hutch," whose rendering of songs popular over twenty years ago seems to delight the younger generation as much as it does mine. Amongst the people I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Delmé-Radcliffe with Sir Edward Cripps and Mrs. Enid Cameron.

The Duchess of Kent, looking very beautiful in a black dress with emerald green drapery, was the guest of honour at the Ball held at the Savoy in aid of the National Lifeboat Institution, of which H.R.H. is President. Mrs. Derek Hague acted as chairman of the Ball Committee, and her charming personality and great efficiency contributed in no small way to the success of the evening. There is no doubt that this annual event proves a very popular means of raising funds, and when I arrived shortly before dinner, the tombola was already doing a brisk trade, whilst members of the Lifeboat service were busy selling raffle tickets and lucky programmes. Later in the evening great amusement was caused when it was announced that Lady Gloria Flower, who had taken a raffle ticket in her infant son's name, had won a Jersey heifer. People living in Chelsea may yet see the unusual sight of a cow on a roof garden! Amongst the many guests were Lord and Lady Blandford, who came with a party of friends which included Miss Marie-Louise Hennesey, and Lord Galway and his pretty wife. I also saw the Duchess of Argyll, Lord and Lady Ogilvy, the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Willingdon, who told me that she and her husband are off shortly on a trip to Mombasa. I thought Mrs. Victor Seely's dress of white chiffon on classical lines was one of the prettiest I have seen, and I also admired Lady Howe's dress of tobacco-coloured tulle, the bodice of which was embroidered with gold leaves.

I paid a brief but very enjoyable visit to Warwickshire to stay with friends for the Hunt Ball, which was held this year at Compton Verney, one of the most beautiful houses in the county, and at one time the country seat for many generations of Lord Willoughby de Broke's family. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb are the present owners, and great appreciation has been felt at their kindness in lending the house for the occasion. There is no doubt that this beautiful setting for the Ball greatly enhanced the enjoyment of the evening, and tribute must also be paid to all those responsible for the faultless organisation. I was

[*Continued overleaf.*

THE CHRISTMAS BALL IN AID OF THE SUNSHINE HOMES FOR BLIND BABIES was attended by H.H. Princess Marie Louise and held at the Savoy. *Left*, Miss Jean Bodley-Scott, Miss Susan Mullins and Miss Susanna Bodley-Scott blowing out the candles on their table. *Right*, Lady Martin, the Hon. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Reid Dick.

WEDDING IN CYPRUS. The wedding took place at the Church of St. Paul, Nicosia, of Miss Pamela Titley, of Longhope, Gloucestershire, and Captain Raymond Viggor, Northamptonshire Regiment. The bride is a physio-therapist at the British Military Hospital, Nicosia.

NATIVITY SCENE. At the Butterstone House School near Dunkeld, in Perthshire, the school concert included this touching Nativity scene. Lord Robert Mercer-Nairne as Joseph, Lady Caroline Cadogan as Mary, and Miss Elizabeth Bruges as the Angel Gabriel.

JOINT BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Miss Nina Drummond-Hay, daughter of Lady Margaret and Major James Drummond-Hay, and Master Christopher Lacey, son of Colonel and Mrs. Lacey, Cruachan, Aberfeldy, celebrated their sixth birthdays at a Fancy Dress Party at Seggieden.

Our Social Diary (contd.)

afraid the fog that evening might altogether obscure a view of the house and grounds which are justifiably renowned, the house being traditionally ascribed to Vanbrugh, with later extensions and internal decorations by Robert Adam; the grounds are the work of the famous eighteenth-century landscape gardener and architect "Capability" Brown, who was also responsible for the design and building of the chapel. Luckily, the fog did clear a little, and after driving in at the gates, and going a short distance, we were met with the unforgettable sight of the house with its adjoining lake, and spacious lawns with stately cedars, which were beautifully floodlit. After crossing one of the graceful bridges built by Brown over the lake, we soon arrived at the house, where two tall illuminated Christmas trees had been placed between the lofty columns of the frontal porch; I also noticed the beautiful carved frieze which ran along the top of the inner wall. Inside, the light from the magnificent chandeliers gave an added lustre to the beautiful jewels and dresses worn by many of the women guests and the gaily coloured coats worn by members of the Warwickshire and other Hunts. A seasonal note was introduced to the floral decorations by wreaths of holly, bright with berries, hung on the walls. Dancing took place in the great central hall, and other reception-rooms were either arranged for sitting out, or had been fitted up as bars. There was also an enormous marquee (heated, I am glad to say!), where supper was served later in the evening. Some idea of the size of the house may be imagined by the fact that there was no overcrowding, although I believe more than 600 guests attended the Ball. Amongst those who took tickets were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter wearing a pale coffee-coloured tulle dress; Mrs. M. Dunne, whose daughter, Mrs. Philippa Bridge, looked most attractive in a white dress with a scarlet stole; and the three joint-Masters of the Hunt, Sir Francis Weatherby, Miss Beryl Buckmaster and Lord Bearsted, whose wife was wearing the most beautiful emerald and diamond necklace, with matching earrings and bracelet. One of the loveliest dresses was worn by the pretty wife of Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, and amongst their guests were Lord and Lady Ogilvy and Mr. Billy Wallace. I thought Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham looked enchantingly pretty in cherry chiffon, and I liked Miss Fiona Stewart-Menzies' dress of red and white checked gingham. Other people whom I saw included Lady Hohler, Lord Hertford, Major John and Lady Cecilia Wiggin and Mr. and Mrs. Dermot Daly. The Duchess of Rutland, Sir Robert and Lady Isabel Throckmorton and Mr. Robin and the Hon. Mrs. Dent were among the countless guests enjoying the Ball, which everyone agreed to be the most successful held for many years.

Photographed by F. J. Goodman.

THE HON. MRS. EDWARD WARD

The marriage took place in July of the Hon. Edward Ward and the Hon. Alathea FitzAlan-Howard, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess FitzAlan of Derwent. This charming portrait of Mrs. Ward was taken at their house on the Earl of Dudley's estate in Hertfordshire. Mr. Ward is a younger brother of Lord Dudley and twin brother of Group-Captain the Hon. George Ward, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air and Conservative Member for Worcester.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Remembrance of Things Past

A Question of Fact
(Piccadilly)

NOT long after the Piccadilly first night I met a charming playgoer who seemed to think that Wynyard Browne had been raising a teacup-storm. What was Paul (the principal character) making all that fuss about? It depends on how you look at these things. No doubt the average person, on hearing that his father (whom he never knew) had been hanged for murder, would laugh it off and pass the mustard: after all, it is, I gather, a trifling accident that might happen to anyone. But Paul Gardiner, in Wynyard Browne's play—which, I might add at once, is the Play of the Year—takes it seriously; and, on reflection, I think he may be right.

Suppose that you are an adopted son, that you have never known your mother and father, that you have been well educated, have become a public schoolmaster (at your old school), and have just married. Suppose, then, that you learn one fact: that your unknown father, just after your birth, had been hanged. How would you feel if you had any theories about heredity? Would you not be anxious to know how and why the murder was committed, and what manner of man your father had been? Would you not ask yourself whether, in spite of your obvious bent, you were really fit to teach? And, in marriage, was it right that you should be the father of a child who might inherit some dangerous taint?

If you agree with this, then your sympathies are with Paul—acted with extraordinary nervous power by his namesake, Paul Scofield—and you will not describe the business as a teacup-storm. It is, in fact, a strong and logical drama, one that Wynyard Browne has worked out unwaveringly to the last. True, there may be questions about the last act in which Paul's unknown mother arrives and disperses his doubt. Personally, I think that this last act manages to be soundly dramatic without touching-off a meaningless huff-and-puff of theatrical fireworks. But it does raise certain questions—some will ask if the mother's view of her husband is a bit of special pleading—that should send playgoers away in contentedly argumentative groups. I admire the play's civilised style and the truth of its characters—Wynyard Browne, as in *The Holly and the Ivy*, refuses to dab his people roughly on paper and let the actors do the rest—and the dramatist's resolve not to stray from his point is remarkable.

His principal subject is imagination. We see how, to different people, it "bodies forth the forms of things unknown." We see how imagination ruined Paul's father, and how it has temporarily blackened Paul's own life, though he will turn his gift to good purpose. The acting fits the theme. I have spoken of Paul Scofield: the best of our young actors in a play by the best of the newer dramatists. With him are Gladys Cooper, perfectly in key as the mother (who is like nobody anyone in the cast had imagined—the theme again); and Pamela Brown, who plays the wife with the understanding we expect. This actress, of all people, will not fall into the error of slapping down a rubber-stamp portrait of the "ordinary" woman. The young wife is deeply worried for her husband's sake; Pamela Brown has thought herself into the woman's mind, and the result is (as I say) a performance, not a stencilled blur. Harold Scott appears as a Mr. Chips, whose charm has no sentimental glaze; his gentleness is real, and the actor matches it. Frith Banbury, who also directed *Dark Summer* and *The Holly and the Ivy*, is clearly the man for the dramatist, and I hope that the two will move together in the theatre for a very long time.

Photo: John Vickers.

A recent study of John Fernald, newly-appointed Theatre Director of the Arts Theatre Club. It is a happy choice: his first professional production, *Full Moon*, by a then promising young playwright, Emlyn Williams, was produced at the Arts. To-day, Mr. Fernald is one of the leading theatrical producers, having gained and kept his place with such plays as *The Love of Four Colonels*, *Dial "M" for Murder* and *Escapade*.

A London Actress
(Arts Theatre Club)

FUNNY—yes. But now that we have had another of these guyed melodramas, I feel, as the Jane Austen character says, that they have "delighted us long enough." Next time it might be a good idea to play the piece without frills. I have seen a number of these melodramas acted "straight"; and (though I say it in a murmur) the entertainment was usually better worth-while than the present how-d'ye-do at the Arts. Not that this is anything but entertaining in its conventional way. Emma Litchfield, who wrote it in 1904, had a fine ear for cliché. She did not write the play so much as toss together great lumps of congealed speech. Virtue says everything that Virtue should. Vice responds. And since Miss Litchfield was an actress, she made sure that Vice—who has always the richest part in these pieces—should be an immensely actable Scarlet Woman: let us say, an Adventurous Adventuress.

Joan Haythorne acts her now with a combination of hauteur and a pantherine slink. Triumphantly, she drugs Clive Crawford (of the Fusiliers). Relentlessly, she stabs her husband (a Naval Gentleman). Gaily, she thrusts the incriminating bracelet in the actress's bouquet. Devilishly, she burns her own confession. And indomitably she stabs herself. A hard evening's work. For the rest, Joan Blake is simperingly the Actress; Tom Gill (of the Royal Navy) is buoyantly the Faithful Chum of Alan MacNaughtan (suffering hero, who plays almost "straight," even in the condemned cell); and Wolfe Morris is a moneylender with a heart of gold. Peter Copley is murdered in the second scene; later he turns up as a whole posse of policemen (Walter Plinge's name is back on a programme). Joan White, resplendently aproned, and Edward Byrne, very Irish, shoulder the maidservant-manservant light relief that is always the heaviest matter in the old plays. Miss Litchfield called it a "grand melodrama" (with gambling saloon exterior, cell, snowstorm, and green-room), and so, indeed, it is. But it would have been grander still, I fancy, on that night of January 11, 1904, on the stage of the Terriss Theatre at Rotherhithe.

13 For Dinner
(Duke of York's: One Performance)

THIS was a "Christmas fairy-tale." Eric Maschwitz adapted it from the original of Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon. Early in the evening someone was said to look like "a pregnant prawn"; the level of wit was sustained. The scene—a house at Saint-Germain. A hostess, having arranged a dinner-party, finds that thirteen will sit down at midnight. She is superstitious—the one thing in the play with which I sympathised—and is naturally worried at the state of her party. She strives to vary the number; but, however she tries, thirteen always comes up again. There is another piece of plot. The hostess's husband, so it seems, is—unknown to his family—a former President of the South American republic of Santa Rosalina. For sundry reasons a former lover of his, a complicated personage called Consuela-Dolores Koukowsko, turns up with a pistol, a bomb, and a variety of bad aphorisms. She, too, is around for most of the evening.

The host was acted bravely by Clive Morton, the hostess (with equal gallantry) by Georgina Cookson. And Margaretta Scott's arrival from Santa Rosalina reminded some of us, wistfully, of her classical acting in former years. There is a tale that, long ago in the North, a Guildenstern, on being asked by Hamlet to "play upon this pipe," confounded all by tossing off a merry tune. Similarly, if the hostess, on hearing that there were thirteen for dinner, had uttered the Sauvajon-Maschwitz equivalent of "So what?", the curtain could have fallen and we need not have been troubled by the rest of the play. Ah, well! . . .

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Waiting for Pinkerton

Pinkerton has returned to Japan. He will come to see his Butterfly. He *must* come, however long one waits. And with infinite patience Butterfly prepares for a night-long vigil, gazing out towards the bay where Pinkerton's ship lies at anchor. By her side is the faithful Suzuki, nodding unwillingly to sleep, and between them Pinkerton's child in its cradle. This scene of fading eventide will always rise in memory as the most moving moment of Robert Helpmann's production of *Madame Butterfly*, revived at Covent Garden this month. The opera will be staged there again on January 6th and there will be three other performances during the present opera season.

Flemish Paintings at Burlington House

There are 626 works in the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition of Flemish Art at Burlington House. Pictures, drawings and manuscripts, they cover acres of canvas and paper! Sixteen rooms of them: it is hard on the feet, harder on the faculty of concentration, but well worth putting both to the test. Most of us will need to make more than one visit

Much of the exhibition is culled from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; more of it is secular than religious. It is from the later centuries that we have made our own selection, which is catholic enough, however, ranging from the careful luxuriance of Rubens and Van Dyck to the grotesquerie of the two Brueghels.

Both Rubens and Van Dyck visited England, and both were knighted. Rubens came on a diplomatic mission for the King of Spain, Van Dyck at the personal invitation of Charles I., who sat to him almost innumerably. The two pictures by Van Dyck that we have chosen are of five of the children of the Royal family. Of the first group, Charles and James became, in their turn, kings; Mary married William of Orange, and died in the year of her brother's Restoration. The second picture, an exquisite sketch for a painting, we may find more touching, for Princess Elizabeth, held by the Puritans, died of a fever at the age of fifteen, and Princess Anne at the age of three.

The two Brueghels, father and son, represent a different school, in which an obsession with naturalism led almost at times to caricature; some of the faces in the crowd-paintings of these two men curiously foreshadow Hogarth. Pieter Brueghel, the Elder was much influenced by the work of Hieronymous Bosch, who, with Swift, was hailed by the Surrealists of the 'twenties as a father. His painting, reproduced on the opposite page, of Mad Margot charging the mouth of Hell is as surrealist as one could wish, both in the precision of its draughtsmanship and the fantastication of its images.

The Exhibition will run until March 6th. We can think of few better New Year's Resolutions than a firm decision to pay it a visit.

MONKEYS AT PLAY.
By David Teniers, the Younger (1610-1690).

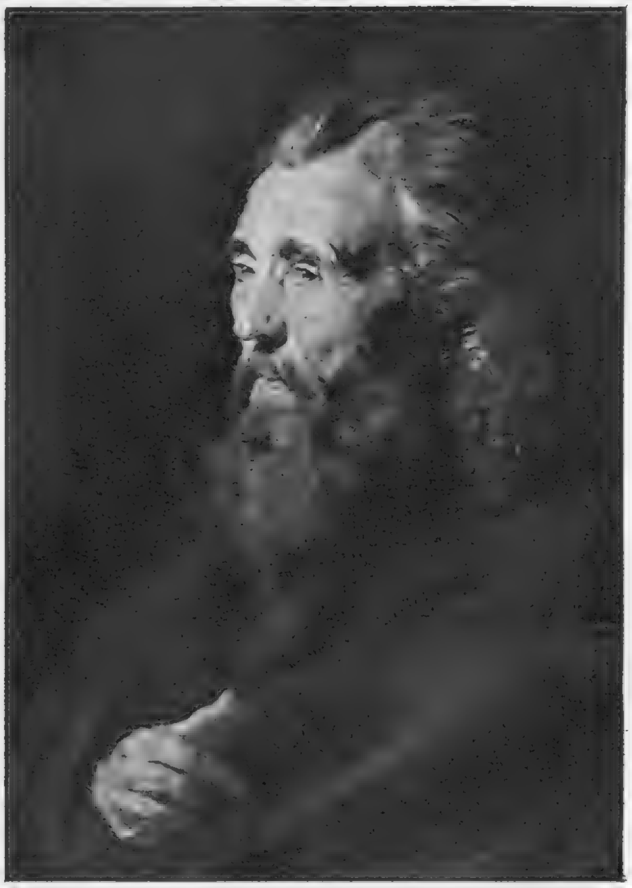
PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS ANNE.
By Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641).

THE RETURN FROM THE INN.
By Pieter Brueghel, the Younger (1564 ?-1638).

A LITTLE GIRL WITH A BELL.
By Cornelis de Vos (1585-1651).

THE "DULLE GRIET."
By Pieter Brueghel, the Elder (1525 ?-1569).

THE THREE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
By Sir Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641).



HEAD OF A BEARDED MAN.
By Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640).

TALKING OF TELEVISION: by CYRIL BUTCHER

The Shape of Things to Come

DEAR me, how time flies! It does not seem anything like twelve months ago since I had the pleasure of wishing the readers of this page the very best of fortune for the coming year. None the less, I make my reverence, and with all sincerity hope that your New Year will be happy and prosperous indeed.

Is there any point in looking back over television's highlights since January 1st, 1953? I could easily string off a long list of programmes that would make the printers despair of having enough italics to set them up in type. For there has been much that has been most commendable. But I think that would be a crashing bore. Programmes have come and gone; let them go. At the same time there can be no doubt that the standard of presentation has steadily progressed. It is impossible, of course; but if we could see an average week of television of 1950 put alongside an average week to-day, I am sure that many a carper, who maintains that television is getting steadily worse and worse, would be utterly confounded. Admittedly progress has been slow, but it has been steady. You may remember that during the past four years I have repeatedly said that is how it would be.

NOW, about the future. Any startling developments on the horizon? Close as my ear is to the ground at Lime Grove—and now also at the Television Centre at White City—I can prophesy only the same mixture as before: slow and steady progress.

Progress in technique mostly; for, after all, one is always at the mercy of the *content* of the programme. The technique of television is advancing so rapidly that it is outstripping the capacity of a single mind to cope with it all. You may have noticed that increasingly you can read in the *Radio Times* that a certain play or other programme was "Produced by X and directed by Y." It is a division of labour which is necessary to enable the output—with the more complicated technique—to be maintained without those responsible for it going raving mad with overwork.

But, touched as the viewer may be to realise that the good people of television are straining every nerve to serve him better and better, backstage problems are not his concern. He rightly judges by results. So I hope the B.B.C. will not allow itself to become too sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought, but concentrate mightily on the "end product."

However, one of the technical developments does very much affect the finished article. And that is the gradual evolution of story-telling which is exercising the brains of the Drama Department. I say "story telling" instead of "play presentation," because it is becoming more and more apparent that the formal dramatic rules which govern stage plays can be modified with enormous advantage in television. So be prepared to find your drama coming much more from fiction and history than from the theatre. But the problem remains: where are the scripts?

NOW, about the next fortnight, which I must say does not seem to promise much in the way of thrills.

On January 3rd and 5th, television is offering you *The Gift*, by C. E. Webber, a play which I approach with the utmost caution. It all begins in the export office of some vast factory, where one of the clerks, John Parker, gets a smart bop over the head from an avalanche of heavy ledgers, falling from a shelf. At the sick bay he recovers quickly from the physical effects of the blow, but the mental results are that he is now quite incapable of talking in anything but the most modern and cross-referring verse. Everyone, including his mother, thinks he is quite barmy—everyone except the psychiatrist attending him, who finds all this most fascinating, and the nurse Megan, who considers these poetical flights too beautiful.

Photo: Houston Rogers.

CENERENTOLA GOES TO THE BALL

Gertrude Holt as the Italian Cinderella in the T.V. production of Rossini's opera.

To repeat: I am being very cautious about this play, because it is written in a highly stylised manner and will need similar treatment. For the result we shall just have to wait and see.

One is on safer ground with John Van Druten's comedy *There's Always Juliet*, for that is just a story of two temperamental and amusing young people falling in love. Admittedly it is stagey and slight, but I remember being charmed when it was done on television before, a year or so ago. This apparently only merits a single performance, which will be on Tuesday, January 5th, with Margaret Johnston and Robert Beatty in the leads.

In the last issue of *The Sketch* we showed you two pages of enchanting photographs of the *Piccoli Theatre*, a marionette show which has raised puppetry to a great art since Vittorio Podrecca inaugurated the company nearly forty years ago. Well, on January 10th you will be able to see an excerpt from the show, from the Princes Theatre in London. Personally, I am looking forward to it enormously.

January 12th brings a new play from Scotland: *The Dashing White Sergeant*, by Charles Campbell Gairdner and Rosamunde Pilcher, with an appropriate Scottish background. It is a well-told story, in which we are treated to an able emulsion of such odd ingredients as family pride, marital incompatibility, Anglo-American relations and a Highland hydro-electric scheme. It all revolves round Fiona Cuninghame, a little thing of sixteen, who returns to Scotland after three years in the States, being thoroughly spoiled by her mother (who is living apart from her laird husband). In fact, she is spoiled by everybody until she becomes quite impossible. So she obviously has to be taught a lesson; and I think you will find the teaching of it will beguile your ninety minutes in front of the television set most rewardingly.

I was made a present, the other day, by the B.B.C., of one of their most recent publications, *The Year That Made The Day*. This is a very detailed account of how the B.B.C. set to work, a year ahead of the event, and planned the greatest broadcast of all time: the Coronation of our Queen. It is remarkable for being a monument of understatement of the efforts that were made and, unless you are interested in plain facts and figures, it makes somewhat dry reading. But the stills taken from the actual television broadcast make a fascinating souvenir of a momentous occasion.

CATEGORICALLY SPEAKING . . .

Good

Once in a Lifetime, by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, which was so hilarious that one forgave the slow pace of the direction and one or two mediocre performances. But there was a delicious caricature of a Hollywood tycoon by Harry Green.

Vice Versa, by F. Anstey—an amusing romp about an interchange of personalities between a cantankerous father and his naughty schoolboy son—which graduated from the Children's Programme. George Benson as Papa and Anthony Valentine as Junior gave delightful performances.

Indifferent

Wuthering Heights, in spite of Nigel Kneale's excellent adaptation of Emily Brontë's novel, never wuthered, and certainly rarely rose to any heights. Though a famous name was in the lead, I found the only satisfying performance came from Robert Brown as Hindley.

Major W. F. Bovill and Lady Willoughby de Broke.

Hunt Ball

Pictures of some of the guests who were present at the Warwickshire Hunt Ball, which was held at Compton Verney, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Lamb. Further details of the Ball may be read in the Social Diary on page 633.

Photographed by A. Y. Swaebe.

Mrs. R. Ussher, Major T. Bouch, Miss B. Buckmaster, Joint M.F.H., Warwickshire, Mrs. Lamb and Captain J. Brittain-Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lewis and Mrs. and Mr. George Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Ryland.

Mr. David Lloyd, Miss Valerie Mason, Miss Diana Mason and Mr. Ian Harper.

Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell and Major Peter Forsyth-Forest.

Mrs. Charles Wilson and Mr. Anthony Durham.

Captain and Mrs. Jack Brittain-Jones.

Wisdom dry.

Wisdom wet.

Wisdom wayward.

Wisdom and girl.
The girl—Lana Morris.

Wisdom and boss.
The Managing Director—Jerry Desmonde.

Wisdom and friend.
Miss Gibson—Megs Jenkins.

"Excuse me. I've dropped something." Ice-cream is removed with a warm spoon. Joan Ingram plays the unfortunate lady.

A CLOWN IS BORN . . .

Norman Wisdom is a great comic actor, we believe. His first film, *Trouble in Store*, was generally released on December 27th. At its pre-release showing, cynical critics howled with laughter and applauded the unresponding celluloid, and flint hearts turned to mush at the pathos which only a real comic can command. Currently, Mr. Wisdom can be seen in the flesh (lightly goose-pimpled ?) in *Sinbad the Sailor on Ice* at the Empress Hall, Earls Court.

"Carry your bags, lady." Always a helping hand for those who help themselves. The shoplifter is Margaret Rutherford.

RECALLING GRACE MOORE

This "Picture in a Mirror" is of Hollywood's beautiful Kathryn Grayson, star of *The Grace Moore Story*, which opened at the Warner Theatre in Leicester Square on Boxing Day. The film traces the life of the great singer from her early struggles and setbacks, her hard work and study in Washington and Europe, to the moment when her career is launched by a final triumph with the Metropolitan Opera, as Mimi in *La Bohème.*

Potters' Bar . . .

THIS month saw the third annual exhibition of pottery by Margaret Hine, William Newland and Nicholas Vergette at the Studio Club in Swallow Street. That is the bald statement of a delightful fact. For four weeks, the members of the Studio Club, many of whom are themselves artists of different kinds, are privileged to drink and dine among a profusion of bowls, dishes, fauns and bulls, cactuses in pots, ornamented tiles, and even (improbably) a pottery painting in the style of Roualt.

I went to the Studio Club and talked to William Newland, who, with his colleagues, owns commonly an electric kiln and a large potter's wheel in Bayswater. Looking at Mr. Newland, bronzed and moustached, I had a vision of the old wheel, leaf-dappled amidst the cypress-shades. All three artists eke out their incomes by teaching, Mr. Newland at the University of London, Mr. Vergette at the Central School, and Miss Hine (in private life, Mrs. Newland) in Hertfordshire. I asked whether the exhibition had been a financial success, and was told that two-thirds of the work had already been sold. The rest can now be seen at the Craft Centre in Hay Hill. "It's just a little craftsman's sort of thing," said Mr. Newland vaguely. "Just a craftsman's thing in the heart of Mayfair."

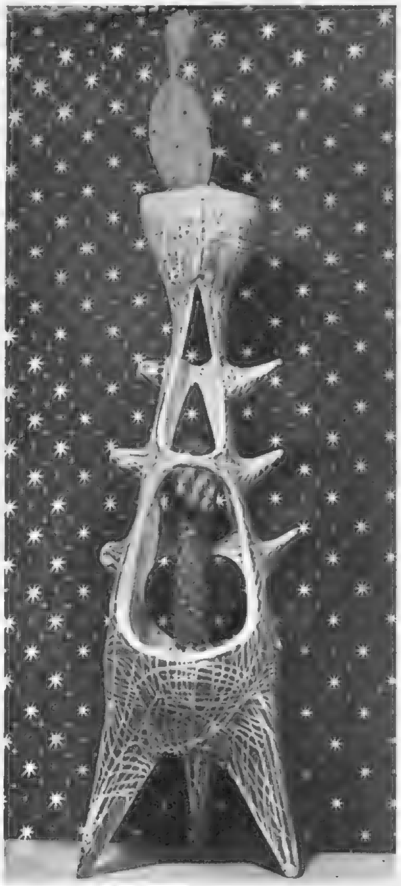
Was the pottery primarily for use or decoration, I asked. "You *can* cook in them," said Mr. Newland, pointing to a plate marked in the catalogue at five guineas. "They're very highly fired. Can't you just see that vegetable dish, with a joint in the middle, and veg. and spuds at each end. What colour!" he said. "Like a Brueghel feast!"

I had been intrigued by a newspaper announcement that the three had visited every museum in Europe "in search of ideas." "Do you just copy things?" I asked.—"Good gracious, no!" said Mr. Newland, "we look at what there is. Hundreds and hundreds of pictures of birds, say. Coptic birds. Assyrian birds. Eighteenth-century birds." He began to draw on the back of an envelope. "Then we brood over them for hours," he said, "and suddenly we get *the* bird."—"Do you?" I said.—"Yes," said Mr. Newland, "a sort of bird essence, if you know what I mean."

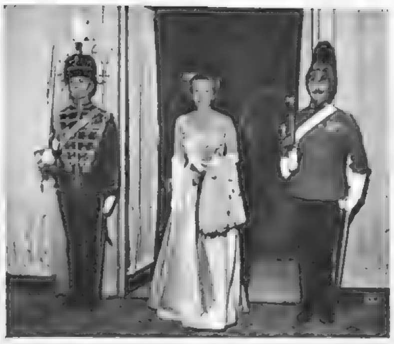
None of Mr. Newland's birds is reproduced on this page, but the bull is his, and the piper with the goat is by Mr. Vergette. Miss Hine made the plate, and also the drip-pot. It seems that one grows a cactus in each compartment of the drip-pot, but only waters the top cactus; the other is watered by what dribbles through after the first cactus is, as it were, satiated: a Heath Robinson method of watering, but visually admirable at least.

The Bayswater potters' next assignment will be to provide "ceramic decoration" for the sales' display-rooms of an industrial firm. I am sure that the assignment will be successful. JOHN BOWEN.

Members of the Studio Club in Swallow Street eat and drink against a background of pottery by Margaret Hine, William Newland and Nicholas Vergette.



Michael Bentine and his wife were greeted by the G.O.C., Major-General Goodbody, and Mrs. Goodbody.



Full-dress uniforms.

A Yeomanry Ball

The 56th London Armoured Divisional Ball was held at the Dorchester on December 16th. Nearly every regiment in the Division was represented, with one of its members as a guard of honour. Guests were received by the G.O.C., Major-General R. W. Goodbody, C.B., D.S.O., and Mrs. Goodbody.

Photographed by Chris Ware.

Miss Yvonne Haverson is at the left with Lieut. David Prebble, Miss Hermione Harvey and Lieutenant Graham Goodwin.

Major Charles Morton and Miss E. Blake.

Mr. D. Morrin, Miss Patricia Kennedy, Captain R. Allen, Miss M. Forshell, Lieut. J. Birbridge and Miss Sheila McRobbie.

Mrs. Edward Watts and Colonel R. Holden.

Miss Anna Shaw-Kennedy, Lieut.-Colonel R. F. Shaw-Kennedy, O.B.E., T.D., Miss Sybil Hay, and Colonel Sir James Waterlow, M.B.E., T.D.

Reels and Gay Gordons were popular, and their performance was both spirited and skilful.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

BRANSBY WILLIAMS: A MAN OF MANY PARTS

Millions of the younger generation who had never heard of Bransby Williams, except as a sort of legend repeated by their grandparents, are now among the eager television viewers when the Grand Old Man of the British stage is taking part in a programme. At the age of eighty-three he has been an actor for sixty-three years. He has specialised in Dickensian characterisations, but can mimic with wicked skill and humour thirty-seven famous actors. Handsome, upright, with a fine head of hair, Bransby Williams makes all his television appearances wearing a velvet smoking jacket and a silk cravat—the favourite costume of the Edwardian actor. Although television is essentially a modern entertainment medium, Bransby Williams' experience with it goes back farther than most: he was one of the first actors to appear at Baird's experimental station at the Crystal Palace. This Christmas, viewers will see him in one of his favourite parts—as Scrooge in a television film of *A Christmas Carol*. As well as being a fine actor, he is also a fine painter: his Herne Hill home is filled with paintings of the many Dickens characters in his repertoire.

Photographed by Chris Ware.

Bransby Williams with some of his fine paintings.

Grand Old Man of the stage.

Giving his "Chinese" farewell.

Trying to look his eighty-three years.

The T.V. Bransby Williams.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

DREAMING OF PRINCE CHARMING

Pretty stage and Television star, Julie Andrews, achieves just the right air of dreamy wistfulness for the part of Cinderella in Val Parnell's Christmas pantomime at the London Palladium, which opened on December 24th. The kettle is on the hob, there are rooms to be dusted and cinders to be swept, but everything will be right in the end : Cinderella *shall* go to the ball—and nothing the Ugly Sisters can do about it will stop her from living happily ever after !

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Birmingham, and Mr. C. W. Robinson, Vice-Consul for Sweden and president of the Ball, watch the solemn dispensation of glögg, a Swedish drink made out of strong red wine, mulled with raisins and cloves.

An International Occasion . . .

Miss Dany Wekking and Mr. N. C. Cardinaal, Consul for the Netherlands.

The Lucia Ceremony.

National Costume.

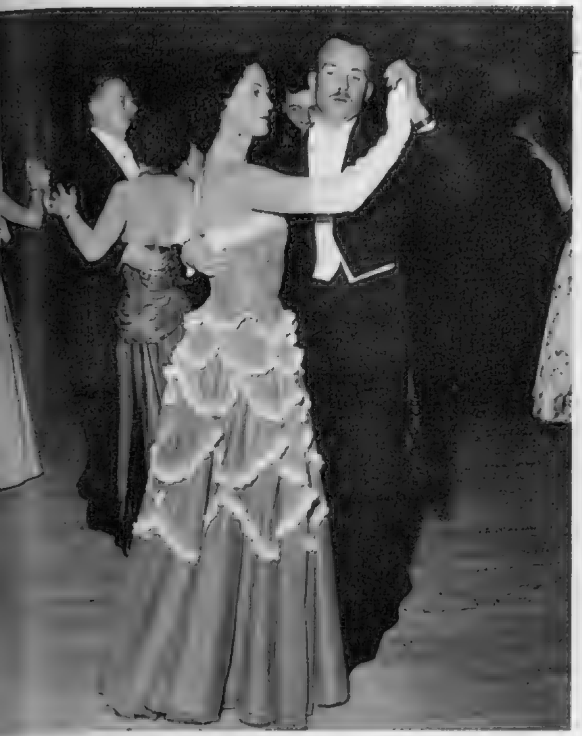
The Birmingham Consular Association Ball for 1953 was held on December 15th at the Grand Hotel. National costumes were worn (those shown above are of Finland and the Netherlands) and national dishes were served. The guests were entertained by the Hélène Lehmiski Ballet Company, and midnight witnessed the traditional Lucia Ceremony, the Festival of Light. The dancing went merrily on until two in the morning.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

The Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe and Mr. C. S. Aström, Counsellor for Sweden.

Behind Mesdames Solanko, Sarkanen and Soravuo stand Mr. A. Sarkanen, Consul for Finland, at the left, with H.E. the Minister for Finland, E. O. Soravuo, and Mr. R. Solanko, First Counsellor.

At the left is Dr. R. L. Sethi, with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Warwick, Dr. V. S. Mazumdar, who is president of the Birmingham Indian Association, Dr. and Mrs. A. Khan, and Mrs. Ivy Sethi.



Miss Brenda Cross and Mr. Peter Stimpson.

Mr. A. Roston, Consul for Liberia, and Mrs. Roston, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dodd, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Dunkerley.

Dr. G. J. Butland, Consul for Chile, with Mrs. Butland, Mr. O. Bustamente, Counsellor and Commercial Attaché for Chile, with Mrs. Bustamente, and Mr. E. M. C. Layson.

Mrs. M. D. Veysey, Mrs. C. A. F. Hastilow, Mr. C. W. Robinson, and Colonel and Mrs. G. T. S. Horton. Colonel Horton is High Sheriff of Warwickshire.

The United States table. Mr. J. K. Walker, Lady Rafter, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Loubert, Mrs. Hoffmann, Mr. K. C. Krentz, Consul-General for the U.S.A., and Mrs. Krentz, Mrs. J. K. Walker. Standing behind is Miss Wekking.

ATHLETICS: Gordon Pirie, named by the A.A.A. as the outstanding athlete of the year.

GOLF: The result of the Ryder Cup match between Great Britain and the United States turned on this short putt missed by B. J. Hunt.

LAWN TENNIS: Maureen Connolly (*left*) being congratulated by Doris Hart after winning the Women's Singles final at Wimbledon.

HORSE SHOW: The almost legendary partnership between Colonel Llewellyn and *Foxhunter*.

A SURVEY OF SPORT IN 1953

In Retrospect

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

THE year 1953 was a memorable one for sport, with so many highlights that it is difficult to classify them in anything like order of priority. The flat-racing season was particularly satisfactory. The five classic races, the Gold Cup and the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes were all won by horses bred in England or Ireland. Clear-cut victories at Ascot and Epsom confirmed that *Pinza* is probably the finest three-year-old seen in this country since the war. Sir Gordon Richards claimed a three-fold distinction: a knighthood, his first Derby winner and the usual crown of champion jockey. Sir Victor Sassoon was the leading owner with £58,578 stake-money; Jack Jarvis the leading trainer with £71,546; the late Fred Darling the leading breeder with £48,099. The severe measures introduced by the Jockey Club have removed the doping scandal—at least, for the time being.

Golf saw Joe Carr regain the Amateur title from America by beating J. H. Ward in the final. The ladies' crown went to Canada in the luggage of Marlene Stewart. Great Britain lost both Walker and Ryder Cups—the former by a mile, the latter by inches. The Open Championship went to Ben Hogan, hailed by many as the greatest golfer ever to hold both British and American titles in the same season.

In cricket England won the Ashes for the first time for twenty years. Individual honours went to Alec Bedser, the Surrey medium-paced bowler, who beat Sidney Barnes' English Test record of 189 wickets—topped the world's aggregate of 216 held by the Australian, "Clarrie" Grimmett—and claimed his 39th wicket of the rubber in the last Test to beat Maurice Tate's record of 38 wickets in the 1924-25 series; to Len Hutton as a resolute batsman and inspiring captain; to Trevor Bailey for his sheer determination that clinched the issue. The captaincy of Stuart Surridge helped Surrey to win the County Championship for the second season in succession.

Gordon Pirie was the outstanding figure in athletics. He set up new records ranging from 1½ to 6 miles. The A.A.A. named him as the outstanding athlete of the year and awarded him the C. N. Jackson Cup and Harvey Gold Cup. It remains to be seen whether next season he will clock the elusive four-minute-mile.

Compared with previous years, Wimbledon was colourless. America provided

MOTOR RACING: Mike Hawthorn, at the wheel of a Ferrari, passes the checkered flag to win the Goodwood Trophy with an average speed of 92·7 m.p.h.

HORSE-RACING: Sir Gordon Richards winning his first Derby on Sir Victor Sassoon's *Pinza*. Sir Gordon was knighted in the Coronation Honours.

CRICKET: The moment when England regained the "Ashes" after twenty years—Denis Compton hits the winning four from Arthur Morris.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL: G. Grosics, the Hungarian goal-keeper, making an acrobatic save in the match against England, which Hungary won, 6—3.

BOXING: The early promise shown by Randolph Turpin (*right*) in the first round of the World Middleweight contest in New York petered out and Olsen finished an incisive victor on points.

champions in Vic Seixas and Maureen Connolly: Australia supplied two over-serious young men in Hoad and Rosewall: Britain took comfort in the rich promise of infants Wilson and Knight.

The year of boxing saw Don Cockell installed as British and Empire heavyweight champion: Randolph Turpin received a setback from Bobo Olsen: twenty-two-year-old Sammy McCarthy of Stepney emerged as our most promising boxer.

Cambridge won the Boat Race: Hungary became the first foreign side to beat us on English soil at Soccer: Mike Hawthorn, virtually unknown two years ago, now ranks among the world's four leading drivers: Colonel Llewellyn and *Foxhunter* excelled again in show jumping in this country: motor-cycle racing saw Geoff Duke and Fergus Anderson become individual World Champions in the 500 c.c. and 350 c.c. class respectively: the 'Varsity match at Lord's went to Cambridge: Blackpool won an exciting Cup Final against Bolton Wanderers by 4—3, largely due to the brilliance of Stanley Matthews: Cardiff became the first club XV. to beat the All Blacks: the 'Varsity Rugby match at Twickenham showed that Oxford have several potential boxing Blues in residence.

RUGBY FOOTBALL: The drawn University match at Twickenham was unfortunately marred by over-robust tactics.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

First, the Infant . . .

The Kidnappers
(Gaumont)

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN, one of the world's shrewdest film producers, has gone on record as having stated that, so far as his pictures are concerned, children and dogs can be included out.

Nevertheless, both sorts of animal appear to exert an unchanging appeal to a very large number of customers. And so, when a peculiarly charming and unusual British film turns up, almost entirely devoted to the affairs of a couple of small children who want a dog, its welcome is not likely to be lukewarm. *The Kidnappers* is the sort of piece described in the trade papers as having "irresistible box-office pull for femininity," but so far as it was possible to judge from the audience round me, masculinity will be quite considerably moved by it too.

The film, adapted by Neil Paterson from one of his own stories, is very simple in its outline. Two little boys, aged eight and five, who have been orphaned at the beginning of this century, go to live with their grandparents in the backwoods of Nova Scotia. Grandfather is a bigoted and grim old man, wresting a hard living from the reluctant soil, and convinced that the God of Wrath who allowed his only son to be killed in the Boer War has given him a special dispensation to forbid all pleasure.

He refuses to countenance picture-books or dancing, because his God does not approve of such frivolities. He denies his grandsons access to his affection, and that of their grandmother and aunt, and regards the dog they covet as a useless luxury. "What use is a dog to you?" he asks. "You can't eat a dog, can you?" and remains adamant against their pleas that all they want is "a doggie that can wag its tail."

Bereft of the natural love that all children need to receive and give, the two little boys find a baby in the woods at the back of their home, and with hungry intensity proceed to love it. They keep it as a pet in their secret hut, feeding it on goat's milk and stealing out of their beds at night to guard it safely from the wolves. The loss is discovered, and the whole countryside is roused in the search. The elder boy is taken away and tried for kidnapping, while the younger boy trails along in a panic of fear lest terrible grandfather should decide to EAT the baby. Grandfather, however, proves not to be so terrible after all, and the film ends with a touch of understanding that even the least sentimental of us have been longing for.

I rate *The Kidnappers* very high indeed amongst the pictures of the year. Without detracting from the fine acting of the adults—Duncan Macrae as grandfather, Jean Anderson as grandmother, and Adrienne Corri (the girl from *The River*) as the frustrated daughter who loves a neighbouring Dutch doctor but dare not say so—without diminishing their work in any way, one must accept that the glory lies with the two children. The elder boy, Jon Whiteley, has already proved his worth in *Hunted* and can be considered as almost a veteran actor.

The younger, Vincent Winter from Aberdeen, is a novice and a charmer; chubby and sturdy, with a quick, unselfconscious brightness and a lilting Scots accent. At five he is a year younger than Shirley Temple when she made her first real success, and belongs to a different tradition of child actors. Shirley Temple and Margaret O'Brien, in their generation, were, from the first, entertainers, putting on a wonderfully disciplined show; but the magic of Vincent Winter lies precisely in the untrained, puppyish way in which he marches and tumbles through his part, as though there were no script, no camera, and no director controlling him. This, of course, is a delusion, as anyone who has ever handled children knows; but the delusion is a pleasant one, and quite a lot of hearts will be lost to Vincent, who, in his turn, must sometimes take a second place to "the babbie," sitting in the heather like a great doll, gurgling with glee at the sight of human company.

One interesting thing about *The Kidnappers* which seems to have escaped general notice is that the excellent musical score is written by Bruce Montgomery, a younger man who prefers to make his reputation as a composer, although, under his alias of Edmund Crispin, he has become one of the most celebrated exponents of "third-programme" detective stories in this country since the war.

Michael Francis, once an R.A.F. fighter pilot, and now a successful painter, compares his portrait with the original. Richard Todd, the "Rob Roy" of the picture, is at the left.

The Golden Coach
(Cameo-Polytechnic)

IN order to cut short a deal of argument, the facts about this oddly international piece had better be made clear.

It was filmed in Rome by the Renoirs of France. Jean Renoir (*The River*) directed, while Claude Renoir was responsible for the photography. The star is Italy's Anna Magnani, with Duncan Lamont, Paul Campbell and Ricardo Rioli in the supporting cast. The players, whatever their nationality, spoke their lines in *English*, as well as they were able. The version we see and hear in London is the original version. (French and Italian versions were later dubbed.)

The story, intelligently scripted in detail but rather loosely constructed, deals with the adventures of a *commedia del' arte* troupe invited to perform at a Viceregal Court in eighteenth-century Latin America. Magnani appears as the troupe's leading lady, courted by three admirers; the Viceroy, a young officer whom she meets on the voyage, and a popular bull-fighter. The plot revolves round the proposed gift to her of a golden coach, the symbol of political power and favour.

The film has its elegancies. The Renoirs' grouping, lighting and arrangements of colours are the quintessence of good taste. The gracious music is by Vivaldi. But to me the spell of romance, of delicate enchantment, that should have surrounded *The Golden Coach* was never securely woven. I found myself longing for a star like Edwige Feuillère, or Arletty, as we remember her in *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Anna Magnani, in the right-down-to-earth, bone-honest part, is one of the greatest of modern screen actresses; but I simply cannot see her as a *femme fatale*.

Other New Films

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT (*Empire*).—Robert Taylor as the Captain of a whaling-ship out of old Massachusetts, who sails to the South Seas to look for his wild, lost brother (Stewart Granger), rather rashly taking his young wife (Ann Blyth) along with him. Windjammers, whale-steaks, palm-trees, tomtoms, pearls, mutiny, Technicolor and plenty of good, old-fashioned nonsense.

HOUDINI (*Plaza*).—Tony Curtis in a conscientious Hollywood biography of the great magician and escapologist which abides by all the rules, but fails to give any real impression of the dynamism of the man, his extraordinary strength and ingenuity.

THE JAZZ SINGER (*Warner*).—Danny Thomas in an up-dated remake of the Al Jolson classic, about the son of an orthodox Jewish cantor, who is torn between family tradition and Tin Pan Alley. With American radio and record star, Peggy Lee.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Home from School

Gaily they step out, with a few weeks' holiday before school trunks and clothes lists appear again. The older girl, bored with school uniform, wears a camel-coloured, belted coat, with large pockets, collar and cuffs—8½ gns., from Debenham's Twenties Budget Department. Beret by Kangol. The little girl wears a bright red, boxy, raglan coat in pure wool, for school and holidays. From Jaeger, £10 1s.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO
(continued)

Home from School

Left : As a change from plain, dark dresses, and more becoming to a growing figure, is this plaid, wool dress in gay colours, with wide pleats in the skirt. Price £6 18s. 6d., from Gorringe's. An active small girl who is out and about does not want to be muffled in tight sweaters. The answer is a fleece-lined jersey that is warm and roomy. In yellow, grey and saxe-blue, from Swan and Edgar, prices 9s. 11d. to 12s. 11d.

Below : The teen-age girl wears a dress that is inexpensive and a charming change from school uniform. In pale blue wool, buttoning through, with a white collar and large bow. Price £4 14s. 6d., from Harrods' Teen-age Department. Her young sister wears one of a large range of little girls' dresses from Marshall and Snelgrove. This full-skirted dress in checked rayon, with a little white collar, may be bought for £2 11s. 9d.

After a good look round the stores it seems to me that the most hardly-treated person in the world of fashion is the teen-age girl. Her young sister is well looked after. The shops are full of attractive, smocked or tailored dresses in charming fabrics, and up to the age of twelve, the English girl can be as pretty and as smart as her mother would like her to be. After that age she seems to be banished to a " St. Trinian's " world, or her mother has to find a private dressmaker, because there are very few stores that keep a really wide range of clothes for her. Many of the dresses that one sees are really ugly. Some seem to be exactly the same as the dresses I used to try on myself, when I was a teenager years ago, and fashions generally have changed a good deal since then.

No one wants a girl in her teens to be " fashion mad," but one would like her to be able to choose dresses that help a figure which may be temporarily difficult, and at the same time are suitable to her age, becoming and in line with the fashion trend of the moment. And also, as most girls need to have a double wardrobe, uniform for school and extras for holidays, the prices should be reasonable.

We all know the age is a difficult one, but I do feel that a little more could be done by manufacturers, by some of the stores, and by mothers, in refusing to accept second-rate clothes, to help the teenager to make the best of herself, and to give her an interest in her appearance. The teenager of to-day is the well-dressed woman of to-morrow.

Wicker bird-cage and chairs from Liberty's Contemporary Furniture Department. Wallpaper and furnishing fabric from Sanderson's, Berners Street.

At party-time even the youngest child displays unexpected vanity, submitting to extra cleanliness, hair-brushing and stiffened petticoats, with astounding meekness. *Left :* A traditional, ballet-length dress in white net, trimmed with satin, which would also be suitable for a small bridesmaid. From the White House. *Right :* A delightful dress in pale blue grosgrain, with a fitting bodice and gored skirt. Shoulders that are too plump are skilfully concealed. From the new Demoiselles' Department, Fortnum and Mason.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Home from School

Bedtime comes all too soon, at school as well as at home, and we show (*left*) a pair of Clydella pyjamas, obtainable in various shades, with a spot-design. Price 59s. 6d., from Harrods. As everyone now knows, these wash and iron and wear for years, are warm in winter and cool in summer. *Right:* Practically invisible here, but again well-known and beyond praise, are the vest and knickers in Chilprufe, worn by the little girl. She wears them under her pink "Everwear" Candlewick housecoat, that is easy to wash and looks so grown-up. Price 52s. 6d., in this size, from Gay Child, South Molton Street.

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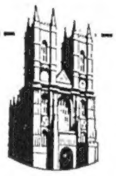
Looking ahead

For the benefit of readers who do not take THE SKETCH regularly we detail hereunder the special numbers of this publication which are planned for 1954. As you may expect, there is always a big demand for these "specials," and to make sure of securing copies it is wise to place an order well in advance. Best of all, of course, is to place a regular order with your bookstall or newsagent, then you 'll have The SKETCH to enjoy *every* fortnight.

Spring Fashions Number – February 24
Spring Number – April 21
Summer Number – June 16
Autumn Fashions Number – September 22
Motor Show Number – October 20
Christmas Shopping Number – November 17

HELP TO SAVE THE ABBEY BY USING THIS FORM



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

TO The Dean of Westminster,
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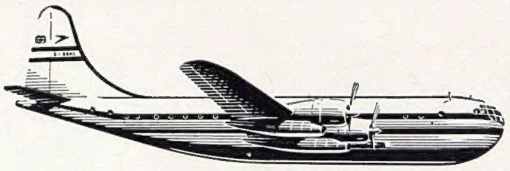

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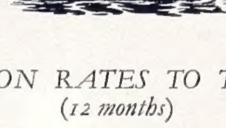

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